SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1903

BY F. P. DUNNE

## MR. DOOLEY ON THE AMERICAN FAMILY

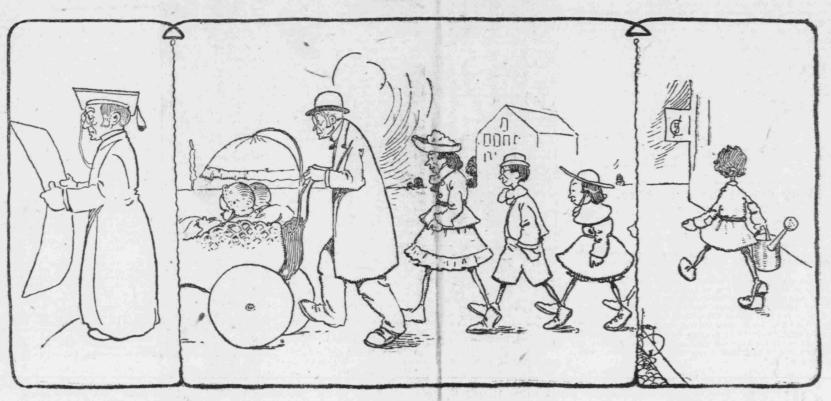
S th' race oyin' out?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Is it what?" replied Mr. Hennessy, "Is it dyin' out?" said Mr. Dooley. "Th' ministers an' me frind Dock Eliot iv Harvard say it is. Dock Eliot wud know diff'rent if he was a rale dock an' wint flyin' up Halsted sthreet in a buggy, floggin' a white horse to be there on time. But he ain't an' he's sure it's dyin' out. Childher ar-re disappearin' fr'm America. He took a souint at th' list iv Harvard gradjates th' other day an' discovered that they had ivrything to make home happy but kids. Wanst th' wurruld was full iv little Harvards. Th' counthry swarmed with thim. Ye cud tell a Harvard man at wanst be a look at his feet. He had th' unmistakable cradle fut. It was no sthrange thing to see an ol' Harvard man comin' back to his almy mather, pushin' a baby carredge full iv twins an' ladin' a fam'ly that looked like an advertise-mint in th' newspapers to show th' percintage iv puri-ty iv bakin' powdhers. Prisident Eliot was often disturbed in a discoorse, pintin' out th' dangers iv th' counthry, be th' outcries iv th' progeny iv fair Har-vard. The campus was full iv baby carredges on vard. The campus was full iv baby carredges on commincemint day, an' specyal accomydations had to be took fr nurses. In thim happy days somewan was always teethin' in a Harvard fam'ly. It looked as if fvinchooly th' wurruld wud be peopled with Harvard men an' th' Chinese wud have to pass an Exclusion Act. But something has happened to Harvard. She is projoccin' no little rah-rahs to glad th' wurruld. Th' av'rage Harvard man iv th' prisint day is th' last iv his race. No artless prattle is heerd in his home. Not f'r him th' joys iv trundlin' th' little push-cart in th' park or th' blind reach f'r th' soothin' syrup in th' darkened room. Whin Harvard needs a fresh batch iv scholars an' quarther backs she has to call f'r a new deal. An' me frind Prisidint Eliot is sore about it an' he has communicated th' sad fact to th' clargy. new deal. An' me frind Prisidint Eliot is sore about it an' he has communicated th' sad fact to th' clargy. Nawthn' th' clargy likes so much as a sad fact. Lave wan iv me frinds iv th' clargy know that we're goin' to th' divvic in a new way an' he's happy. We used to take th' journey be covetin' our neighbor's ox or his ass or be disobeyin' our parents, but now we have no parents to disobey or taey have no childher to disobey thim. Th' American people is becomin' as unfruitful as an ash heap: We're no betther thin th' Fr-rinch. They say th' pleasun' squawk iv an infant hasn't been heerd in France since th' Franco-Prooshun war. Th' govermint offers prizes f'r fam'lies, but no wan claims thim. A Frinch gintleman who wint to Germany wanst has made a good deal iv money lecturin' on 'Wild Babies I Have Met,' but ivrywan says he's a faker. Ye can't convince annywan in France that there ar-re anny bables. We're goin' th' same way. Less thin three millyon bables was bor-rn in this counthry las' year. Think iv it, Hinnissy—less thin three millyon, hardly enough to consume wan-tenth

iv th' output iv pins! It's a horrible thought. I don't blame ivry wan, fr'm Tiddy Rosenfelt down, f'r worryin' about it. "What's th' cause, says ye? I don't know. I've been readin' th' newspapers an' ivrybody's been tellin'

seems to meet th' bill. I've been lookin' at th' argumints pro an' con, an' I come to th' conclusion that th' race is dyin' out on'y in spots. It's dyin' out among Harvard gradjates but it's holdin' its own among the alumnuses in Saint Pathrick's Commercyal Academy

rale dock. He has a horse an' buggy. He's out so much at night that th' polis ar-re always stoppin' him thinkin' he is a burglar. Th' dock has prepared some statistics f'r me, an' here they ar-re: Number iv twins bor-rn in Ar-rchey Road fr'm Halsted sthreet



"Me frind Dock Eliot, in Harvard, says th' race is dyin' out."

Pushin' a Baby Carrodge Full iv Twins."

"Hurryin' with th' sprinklin' pot to th' place on th' corner."

why. Late marredges, arly marredges, no marredges, th' cost iv livin', th' luxuries iv th' day, th' tariff, th' thrusts, th' spots on th' sun, th' difficulty iv obtainin' implyemint, th' growth iv culture, th' pitcher har, an' so on. Ivrybody's got a raison, but none iv thim

in Desplaines sthreet. Th' av'rage size iv th' fam'ly in Mitchigan avnoo is .000001, but the av'rage size iv th' fam'ly in Ar-rchey Road is somewhat larger. Af-ther I r-read what Dock Eliot had to say, I ast me frind Dock Grogan what he thought about it. He's a

to Westhern avnoo fr'm Janooary wan to Janooary wan, 365 pairs; number iv thrips iv thriplets in the same fiscal year, nine; number iv individiool voters, eighty-three thousan', nine hundherd an' forty-two;

av'rage size iv fam'ly, fourteen; av'rage weight iv

parents, wan hundherd and eighty-five; av'rage size

parents, wan hundherd and eighty-five; av'rage size iv rooms, nine be eight; av'rage height iv ceilin', nine feet; av'rage wages, wan dollar, sivinty-five; av'rage duration iv docthor's bills, two hundherd years.

"I took the statistics to Father Kelly. He's an on-prejudiced man, an' if th' race was dyin' out he wud have had a soundin' boord in his pulpit long ago, so that whin he mintioned th' wurrud 'Hell,' ivrywan in th' congregation wud have thought he meant him or her. 'I think,' says Father Kelly, 'that Dock Grogan is a little wrong in his figures. He's boastin'. In this parrish I allow twelve births to wan marredge. It varies, iv coorse, bein' sometimes as low as nine an' sometimes as high as fifteen. But twelve is about th' av'rage,' he says. 'If ye see Dock Eliot,' he says, 'ye can tell him th' race ain't dyin' out very bad in this here part iv th' wurruid. On th' conthry. It ain't lible to ayether,' he says, 'onless wages is raised,' he says. 'Th' poor ar-re becomin' richer in childher an' th' rich poorer,' he says, 'Tis always th' way, he says. 'Th' bigger th' house th' smaller th' fam'ly, Mitchigan avnoo is always thinnin' out fr'm itsilf an' growin' fr'm th' efforts iv Ar-rchey Road. 'Tis a way, Nature has iv gettin' aven with th' rich an' pow'rful, Wan part iv town has nawthin' but money an' another nawthin' but childher, A man with am illyon will buy an autymobill. Ye can tell Schwartzmeister with his thirteen little Hanses an' Helenas that he don't have to throw no bombs to make room f'r his childher. Th' people over in Mitchigan avnoo will do that thimsilves. Nature,' he says, 'is a wild dimmy-crat,' he says.

"I guess he's right. I'm goin' to ask Dock Eliot,

childher. Th' people over in Mitchigan avnoo will do that thimsilves. Nature, he says, is a wild dimmy-crat, he says.

"I guess he's right. I'm goin' to ask Dock Eliot, Tiddy Rosenfelt an' all th' rest iv thim to come up Ar-rchey R-road some summer's afthernoon an' show thim th' way th' r-race is dyin' out. Th' front stoops is full iv childher; they block th' throlley cars; they're shyin' bricks at th' polis, pullin' up coal-hole covers, playin' ring-around-th'-rosy, shootin' dice, makin' paper dolls, goin' to Sundah school, hurryin' with th' sprinklin' pot to th' place at th' corner an' indulgin' in other sports iv childhood. Pah-pah is settin' on th' steps, ma is laning' out iv th' window gassin' with th' neighbors, an' a squad iv polis ar-re up at th' church keepin' th' christenin' parties fr'm mobbin'. Father Kelly, while he inthrajooces wan thousan' little Michaels, Pathricks, Jawns, Robert Immits, Kates, Bridgets, an' Mary Anns or Janes or Ellens to Christyan s'ciety. No, sir, th' race, far fr'm dyin' out in Ar-rchey R-road, is runnin' aisy an' comin' sthrong."

"Ye ought to be ashamed to talk about such subjicks, ye, an ol' batch," said Mr. Hennessy. "It's a secryous question."

"How manny childher have ye?" asked Mr. Dooley, "Lave me see." said Mr. Hennessy. "Wan, two, four, five, eight, siven, eight, tin—no, that's not right. Lave me see. Ah, yes, I f'rgot Terence. We have fourteen."

"If the race of Hinnissys dies out," said Mr. Dooley,

"If the race of Hinnissys dies out," said Mr.Dooley, "'twil be fr'm overcrowdin'."

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE LECTURE TICKETS THAT WERE BOUGHT BUT NEVER USED

## MODERN FABLES GEORGE ADE

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NCE there was a Man living in a Big Town and he had a Cousin whom he never had seen. Some people are very lucky as to their Relatives.

The Man who lived in the Wicked Metropolis was named Sanford and the Cousin who lived out in the Woods was known as Lafe, although his real Name was Lafayette

Every Christmas Sanford would send
Lafe some kind of a stingy Gift, and then
Lafe would retaliate by shipping in a fat
Turkey for Thanksgiving. There was a formal Exchange of Letters about twice per Year. Sanford was a good deal Upset one day to receive Word that Cousin La Fayette was coming to spend a Week. Whatever Joy he felt, he did not show at all.

The visiting Cousin is liable to be a Fierce Proposition under the most favorable Conditions, but it is sition under the most favorable Conditions, but it is more than Hard Luck to be saddled with one who is a Total Stranger. Sanford was hoping that the Train would run off the Track, but he wrote Cousin Lafe to be sure and come right to the House.

Sanford saw a very pink week ahead of him. He was not very strong for the Chaperon Game. He could see himself neglecting Business in order to lead Cousin Lafe around and show him the Sky-Scrapers, the Animals in the Park, the Eden Musee and the big Engine in the Power-House. He had observed that the Excursionist is always keen to see a lot of Sights that are a Scaled Book to the Man who lives rights in the are a Sealed Book to the Man who lives right in the

Sanford tries to get a Line on Cousin Lafe so as to Sanford tries to get a Line on Cousin Lafe so as to frame up the right kind of a Programme. He could tell by the Picture in the Family Album that Lafe was a Pure Character and somewhat of a Rube. He wore a White Tle and had his Hair gummed down on his Forehead. He looked as if he would like to be a Preacher, but could not quite make it. His open Countenance had that sweet and trusting Expression of the Hubbard Squash who is willing to give two Tens for a Five.

So far as Sanford could learn, Cousin Lafe was a kind of a Sign-Board and snow-white object Lesson in the Jay Town which claimed him as its own. He was a Cemetery Trustee and Chairman of the Committee to solicit Funds for a new Y. M. C. A. Building. Also he had been prominent in the Sunday-Closing Movement and the Main Kazoo in the Citizens' Reform League.

Accordingly Sanford had all the Drinkables removed from the Side-Board and he warned the Children not to Laugh while Cousin Lafe was saying

Grace at the Table. Then he went out and bought some Tickets for a Lecture and got a written Permit to go through the Car-Shops.

He went to the Station to meet the rural Lamb and protect him against the Cabmen. He saw a Hot

What do you think?" asked the President of the Yapville Citizens' Reform League. "I got into a Poker Game with two of them Ikey Drummers on the Train and trimmed them for 87 Samoleons. If the train had been a half hour late, I'd have got their Sample-

that I've left my Pajamas at Home, and you might as well move the Bed out of my Room, because I won't need it. If you have any Word to send to your Folks before we cut loose, step into the Box and telephone while you're still able to talk."



He could tell by the picture that The hot sport walloped him on the Cousin Lafe was a pure character. back and introduced himself.



"I'm all in," said the wreck.

Sport with a new Suit of Clothes and a Red Tie come through the Gate, but he did not spot anything that resembled a Cemetery Trustee. While he was still waiting, the Hot Sport came up and walloped him on the Back and introduced himself.

and I have a Feeling that I am about to Buy. We drank up everything in the Dining Car except the Catsup before we got to Springfield and I wouldn't take \$7 for my Thirst. By the way, I want to tell you ting a tall Crimp in the Guy that spins the little Ivory

What do you wish to see first of all, the Parks or the Power-House?" asked Sanford.
"If it's all the same to you," said the Cemetery
Trustee, "I should like to begin my Vacation by put-

Ball. Then you can send home for your Low-Neck and we will have a little Dinner Party. I have engaged the Louis XIV Room up at the Hotel. I have in my Suit-Case no less than 17 Letters of Introduction to well-known Society Ladies who are always Huagry. This Afternoon I expect to have all the Messenber Boys in Town Busy. When we sit down this Evening there will be \$8 worth of Violets and four Cocktails at every Plate. I'll show these Tessies that I'm no Piker. After the Eats we are going over and sit in all of the Boxes at that Rough House Show that I've been reading about. After that we are going to a nice, quiet all-night Restaurant, where they have the Hungarian Orchestra, and any one that passes away before 6 A. M. will be called a Quitter."

"Are you Cousin Lafe or a Ringer?" asked San-"Are you Cousin Lafe or a Ringer?" asked San-

"I am the Cemetery Trustee, all right, all right." was the reply. "A Cemetery Trustee breaks over only about once in Three Years, but when he does hit the Track he makes a Mile in 2:00 look like a Funeral Procession. For many Months I have been drinking Milk and posing as an Example for the Young. I live in the of these Traves where every living Soul knows Milk and posing as an Example for the Young. I live in one of those Towns where every living Soul knows how much I pay for my Clothes and how many Lumps of Sugar I put in my Coffee. If I took a Drink out there, everybody would know about it in twenty Minutes. If I smoked a Cigarette, I would be hanged in Effigy. I might as well go out and kill an 'Aged Woman with a Hatchet as mix up in any Poker Games. So I do the Straight and Narrow. But now I'm up here among the Electric Lights with no one to keep Cases on me. I am long on Sleep and I have Money in every Pocket. I'm up here to play a short Engagement as the Village Indian. If you care to follow me, I think I can put you in right and probably show you a good many Places that you never saw before, even if you do live right in Town."

Sanford tried to be Game, but in two Days Cousin Lafe had him Down and Out. He fell back and took the Count. Cousin Lafe took him Home in a Hack and roasted him and told him he was a Rhinestone Sport and a Mackerel.

"I'm all in," said the Wreck. "I admit everything you say. The Man who lives in Town and thinks he is a Gay Dog isn't a Marker alongside of the Respectable Citizen from down the Road. I am supposed to be a dissolute Clubman, but I take off my Hat to a Cemetery Trustee."

Cousin Lafe went back to the Country and rerted that Sanford was a Nice Man, but seemed to a little Wild.

MORAL: Don't try to keep up with any Pillar of

IV .- MR. HOMES REACHES AN UNHISTORICAL CONCLUSION

## SHYLOCK HOMES: His Posthumous Memoirs

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

T WAS not long before I was made aware that there was to be no lack of occupation for me in the new sphere of my residence. The story of Le. Coq's attempt to frighten me away from the practice of my profession soon got about, and it became more or less of a fad among the social lights of Cimmeria to get up mysteries for my solution. Queen Elizabeth offered me a large sum of money-indeed, sent me in advance a cheque for a considerable amount-if I would attend one of her evening receptions and there give to her assembled guests evidences of my skill in such games as "Hiding the Handkerchief," and "Twenty Questions." Considering drawing room work beneath my dignity, I wrote my regrets on the back of the cheque and remailed it to the royal spinster, the story of which act, in some mysterious fashion, crept into print, and for a time served to win for me the enmity of the ex-queen, for which I was sincerely sorry, for I have always held the lady in the highest esteem. How the incident came to be published I do not know, for I certainly told no one but James Boswell and Paul Pry, of the editorial staff of the Gehenna Gazette, about it, and they both assure me that they have told none but their wives, under cover of confidence, of the episode.

For a period, feeling that I must become acclimated before undertaking professional work seriously, I kept close to my rooms at the hotel and declined many commissions, but one morning, about three weeks after my arrival, I was forced into action in a most peculiar fashion. While sitting alone in my room, immediately after breakfast, I became suddenly conscious that someone was looking at me, but from what precise quarter, I was unable immediately to determine. It was an uncanny feeling that came over me at first, and it made me somewhat uneasy, but I deemed it the part of wisdom in no way to dignity, I wrote my regrets on the back of the

betray the fact that I was uncomfortable. / I continued, therefore, to appear to read my morning pa-per, as if wholly unconscious of this piercing eye which I felt was fixed upon me. Occasionally which I felt was fixed upon me. Occasionally I glanced casually about, as a man may naturally do, without giving evidence of a perturbed spirit, and began, by a mental process of elimination, to solve the question the problem presented. There was no one in the room but myself, so it was clear that my disturber was on the outside somewhere. Hence the placing of the intruder was not, to one of my habit of thought, wholly difficult. One glance in the direction of the window demonstrated beyond all peradventure that it was not thence that the annoyance sprang. It was several stories up from the street, and there was no coign of vantage upon which an inthere was no coign of vantage upon which an intruder might stand. The door was closed, and the skylight of my apartment opened in an inner chamber, and not upon the room in which I sat. Consequently, my next thought was that the prying person, who was eagerly contemplating my present was ober, and not upon the room in which I sat. Consequently, my next thought was that the prying person, who was eagerly contemplating my person, was neither in the hall, nor upon the roof, but in a moment I had reason to modify this conclusion in so far as it related to the hall. I rose from my chair, and sauntered idly across the room, and was immediately relieved of the sensation which had disturbed me. It was evident that I was everywhere in the range of the staring eyes. Then I walked back again, and observed, as I dld so, and confirmed the observation with further experimentation, that it was only when within a limited range of the door-knob that the cause of my vexation operated.

"The door-knob, eh? Impossible," I muttered. "No one can see through a door-knob. Then what? ah! the keyhole! Let us investigate!"

I acted quickly. Filling my cocaine injector with soap and water at the wash-stand, I let drive a goodly spirt of the resultant suds through the key-hole, and was rewarded by an immediate response in the form of a muffled yowl.

"It must be Le Cog the Key-Hole Detective

form of a muffled yowl. form of a muffled yowl.

"It must be Le Coq, the Key-Hole Detective, again!" I muttered to myself, and immediately opened the door. Much to my surprise I discovered leaning against the wall opposite, no less a person,

seemingly, than the Man in the Iron Mask. He was mopping his eye through the steel visor that he wore, and using language, which, while it certainly was apt, I deem it well not to reproduce.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked, recognizing him at once, in spite of his disguise, by the grave accent upon his profanity—for it was indeed my enemy Le Coq, up to some new trick to get me into trouble.

"I was looking for Mr. Shyleck Harges' evert was looking for Mr. Shylock Homes' apart-

"I am Mr. Shylock Homes," I replied, "Why did you not send up a card?" "I wished my visit to you kept secret," he explained. "I am very anxious to solve the mystery of my identity, and powerful persons here are equally anxious that I should not, and if they knew I was consulting you, there'd be trouble for both of us."

"Ah—I see," said I. "Come in. Do you mean to say that you, too, are in the dark as to who you really are?" I added as he came in and seered him. I added, as he came in and seated himreally are?

"Exactly," said he. "That knowledge was always "Take off your mask and be comfortable," I put in, as I eyed him abstractedly.

"I can't." he sighed. "It's locked on and I don't know the combination."

"Page chan!" I said sympothetically.

the combination."
Coor chap!" I said, sympathetically. "I had supposed that when you got here all your earthly trou-bles would be over. Tell me, Monsieur Blank—I shall call you Blank until we get down to the real facts— is there anybody hereabouts that really knows who "Yes." he replied. "Mazarin knows, and Louis Fourteenth knows, but they won't tell, and they'd

raise the deuce if they thought the secret was likely to be unveiled. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said I. "I'll take

your case, because it interests me, but you have got to put yourself unreservedly in my hands." "I'll do that with pleasure," said he. "Good. I'll find out who you are in less than ten days. First thing, I want a disguise," said I

"As what?" 'As yourself," said I. "The Man in the Iron

"What for?" he cried.
"Because I want it," said I. "It is necessary.
If you are not willing to get it for me, I shall have to give up your case. "But how can I?" he asked. "You can't find a mask like this every day. M. Le Coq, the distinguished detective, has the only other one I know of in

existence."

"Get me his, then," I rejoined, curtly, "or employ him to ferret out the mystery for you."

"I will try," he replied, and then he rose up to depart, but I was not yet ready to have him go. As yet, while I was quite confident of the real identity of the person hidden behind that face of steel, I was unwilling to stake my reputation on it, and it was only too evident, that if it were Le Coq, it was nothing so much as my humiliation that he was seeking. "Don't be in a hurry, Monsieur Blank," said I. "Sit down a few minutes, and let's have a moke.

"Sit down a few minutes, and let's have a smoke. I'd like to ask you something as to your ancestry."

"I'm perfectly willing to sit down and smoke, Mr. Homes." he replied, "but really, I can't tell you any more about myself than you already know."

"Oh, very well." I said, "as you wish." And then a scheme of confirmation of my suspicions flashed across my mind.

oss my mind.

I handed him one of my prismatic cigarettes! I handed him one of my prismatic cigarettes! This was a little invention of my own to aid me in the identification of criminals. For ten days after smoking one of them the finger tips are so stained with the colors of the rainbow that they cannot be cleansed, and I knew that if the man behind that mask smoked but one of them, it would serve at least to identify the mask later, which under the circumstances was most desirable. My victim fell readily into the plot, and as he smoked and chatted affably away. I was pleased to note the slight discoloration of the steel lips by means of which I should be able irrefutably to establish the identity of the apparatus, if it ever beestablish the identity of the apparatus, if it ever be-came necessary. At the end of a half hour, during which we talked of many things, and in the course

of which I sold my visitor a complete set of my

works, he rose up to go.

"Now," said I, as he started. "Don't forget. For a few days I shall myself impersonate you. To enable me to do this, pray be good enough to send me the necessary disguise. Le Coq's mask will do as well as appetber."

"You shall have it," he said, shaking inwardly, as I thought, with laughter, and took his departure. I closed my door and listened to his retreating footsteps, and then a short time later saw him emerge into the street, accompanied by no less a personage than Mazarin, both of them seemingly exploding with . There was some great game afloat—that was But they reckoned without their victim.

That afternoon the mask arrived from the office of Le Coq, Hawkshaw & Sleuth. I inspected it closely, and knew that I had my man. The lips bore the ly, and knew that I had my man. The lips bore the prismatic discoloration—so I was at once able to see the plot that had been laid to accomplish my ruin. Le Coq was merely going to get me to/identify the Man in the Iron Mask as some distinguished prisoner of the Bastille, and then, by removing the mask, reveal only himself, thus making a fool of me and a hero of Le Coq. Had this been done, I should have instantly become an object of derision. But he was foiled. Two days later I returned the mask to its owner, and prepared for a second call. I had not long to wait. Within twenty-four hours my visitor was at my door again.

"Well?" said he.

"Very well." said L "I've spotted you, I know

"Very well," said L. "I've spotted you. I know who you are perfectly well."

"My benefactor!" he cried, falling upon his knees and imprinting a cold, steelly kiss upon my hand. "Reveal it—reveal my identity, so long a mystery—"

That the trick was a great one was at this point shown by the sudden opening of my door, and the entrance of a dozen prominent members of the Stygian club, come to witness the results of Le Coq's jest. I greeted them pleasantly.

"One moment, sir," I observed, quietly, as the others filed in. "You have forgotten one little for-